

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

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"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



VINCENT FLEMING DECLARES HIMSELF.

## HURLOCK CHASE.

BY G. B. SARGENT, AUTHOR OF "STORY OF A CITY ARAB."

CHAPTER XLVI.—AT THE SETTLEMENT AGAIN.

"It was very kind of you to come; it was very good of you, Mr. Rivers," were almost the first words spoken by Rose Vincent, while tears stood in her eyes. Harry looked into her face and saw how pallid she was. And the small hand he held in his strained and stiff and blistered palm, he felt how thin it had become.

"One word, Rose, dear Rose: do not call me by that cold name again. Am I not your cousin? Call me

'cousin,' 'Harry,' anything you please rather than that chilling 'Mister.'"

"You are not vexed with me, then, for sending to you, cousin?"

"Vexed!" He raised the little hand to his lips, bending to meet the prize like a *preux chevalier* of olden times doing homage to loveliness. "Vexed! how could I be vexed?"

"I feared—that is, I thought—you were displeased with us—with me, perhaps, when you left us. Was it only my fancy, Henry?"

"It was only your fancy, dear Rose. If I had known

or thought that any word or act of mine had led to so false a conclusion, it would have made me very unhappy. I should have been most ungrateful——"

"Do not say more, please, cousin : I am very foolish ;" and Rose burst into tears.

Suppose, then, this little scene to have taken place very soon after Harry sprung from the Indian canoe ; and imagine another little scene on the background, between Louis the *débonnaire* and his "little wife that was to be." Fancy, also, the first warm salutations of nurse Catherine, who began to see dimly, and yet with tolerable certainty, what the end of it was to be, and who desired nothing better for her *petite mignonne* than a short and happy courtship, with a good husband at the end of it, to take care of Rose and to be at the head of the settlement when her old master was gone.

All this we may rapidly pass over ; also the prosy but very necessary event (for even lovers cannot live on air, and, if they could, it is to be remembered that Harry Rivers is not a declared lover yet)—the necessary event, then, of a well-covered table and a substantial feast, succeeding copious ablutions and a simple readjustment or replacement of those outward adornments which, though—

"Meant to hide  
Our parents' shame, provoke our pride,"

and from which pride no period in time, no age of person, no climate, and no individual circumstances, are altogether exempt.

It was on the evening of his arrival at the settlement that Rivers was introduced into the chamber of Captain Vincent.

"You will find my dear father much changed," Rose had said to him previously ; but Harry was not prepared for the alteration disease had wrought in the old settler. His tall and once commanding form was bowed and shrunken ; and as he sat, or rather reclined, on the couch, from which he had not sufficient strength to rise without assistance, and on to which he had almost to be lifted from his bed every morning, the visitor was struck with other evidences of a rapid breaking up of every physical power. His cheeks were collapsed and yellow, save where a dark crimson spot denoted the fierce consuming fever which burned within his veins ; his scanty gray hair hung in long and limp straggling tresses over his hollowed temples ; his nostrils were pinched in, and quivered with every painful emotion and excitement ; the voice of the patient was hoarse, and low, and feeble ; and the trembling hand he held out to Rivers was fleshless and nerveless. Had Captain Vincent been Harry's deadly enemy, or, worse still, his deceitful, false, and faithless friend, the young man's compassion would have been strongly exercised by beholding the wreck now before him ; and, being neither injurious foe nor faithless friend, but rather remembered only as a benevolent and generous host, Harry's eyes were tear-dimmed as he almost mutely returned the kindly salutation of the dying man.

And yet, had Rivers looked as closely then as he afterwards looked into the countenance of Captain Vincent, he would have seen something to compensate for the sorrowful decay of bodily health and vigour. The dark-gray eyes were no longer wild and restless and gleaming with mental disturbance ; and a very calm and peaceful, almost happy expression had taken the place of that sorrowing and suspicious one with which Harry had formerly been familiar. The very tones of the Captain's voice, too, feeble though they were, indexed a calm and quiet resignation, as he said—

"You will excuse me from rising, Rivers : I am very

weak, as you see ; but not too weak to welcome you, and to say how glad I am to see you once again. Rose has told you why I have sent for you," he said, presently, when the first salutations on both sides were over, and Harry had taken a seat by the sick man's side.

"That you wished to see me, and acknowledge me as your nephew, and yourself as my long-lost uncle, Vincent Fleming."

"True ; and Rose might have added that I wish to know something—as much as you are willing to tell—of your own history, Harry : why it is you are here, self-banished from your home. I do not understand it."

Thus invited, Henry Rivers briefly narrated the story of his young life, from the loss of his mother to the subsequent death of his father and the total eclipse of his own fortunes. He dwelt at some length on the kindness of his aunts Melly and Prissy, and touched tenderly on the sorrow caused to them by the disappearance of their brother, and the disappointment of all their efforts to find out the place of his retreat.

Here Vincent, much agitated, interrupted the speaker.

"I never thought of that, Henry. I never could have dreamt that the dear creatures could ever think of me but with loathing ; and I have ever believed that the best and first, as well as the latest kindness I could do them would be to hide myself for ever from them, with all my sins and my shame."

"It is to be wished that you had thought more correctly of them—had known them better, sir," said Harry. "But such regrets are useless now," he added ; "only I trust I have your permission to make known to my kind relatives—to your sisters, uncle—that their last brother is at last found."

It is not necessary to repeat the further particulars of this interview. The reader is already acquainted with the principal events in Vincent Fleming's life which were then first brought to the knowledge of his nephew, and with the hypochondriacal dread which, without show of reason, had in later years led the recluse to suppose himself tracked and pursued by enemies who sought his ruin. All this he now spoke of regretfully, but without reserve, and explained how his suspicions were first aroused, and then how the full knowledge first broke in upon his disturbed mind, that the guest who was thrown upon his hospitality was his own nephew ; and how his fears persuaded him that in his nephew he saw the Nemesis of his own unhappy fate, the avenger who was, in some mysterious way, to bring to his own heart and home the punishment of his ancient guilt.

The conversation lasted long, and was in every respect gratifying to Rivers, who, while he sympathized with the sorrows and struggles of mind his relative had endured, learned insensibly to look with more leniency on one who had not only outlived, but who deeply repented, the errors and sins of a misspent youth. Both uncle and nephew, therefore, parted that night well pleased with each other, and with a tacit understanding that, while the former yet lived, Harry would remain at the settlement.

Notwithstanding this good feeling, however, and the entire frankness of those intercommunications, as far as they went, it may be noted that there were certain topics on which neither Vincent Fleming (we restore to the Captain his family name now) nor Harry Rivers thought it necessary at that time to enter. For instance, Vincent did not refer to his estate in England, nor to any disposition of his property after his death. On the other hand, Harry, in speaking of his short experiences in life, and his friendships in England, made no mention of Fairbourne Court and its owner, nor of his heart-rending disappointment in the matter of Clara Gilbert. And,

though it may readily be conjectured that Rose Vincent was not very far from the thoughts of either her father or her cousin, it is to be recorded that her name did not escape their lips.

CHAPTER XLVII.—NURSE CATHERINE IN THE RIGHT.

THE weeks of summer passed away quickly, yet in some respects heavily. There can be but little light-hearted enjoyment, even of the fairest season and of the most favoured outward circumstances, when those we love are known to be "sick unto death," and their earthly tabernacle is seen to be weakening and decaying day by day.

It was evident that Vincent Fleming's days were not only numbered—as we sometimes say of others, as though the days of us all were not numbered too—but that the number was almost completed. He suffered no racking, excruciating agony; but his very intense weakness was painful. His once well-knit and full-limbed frame was so reduced that it was but a light thing for Harry to lift him from bed to sofa and from sofa to bed, as a child might be lifted; and the voice which had once given loud and strong words of command on the battle-field was hushed to the faintest whisper.

It is not pleasant to be old and feeble and failing, not joyous for the strong to have to bow themselves, for the daughters of music to be brought low—to be afraid of that which is high, and to feel that even the grasshopper is a burden. It is not in nature to see unmoved "the last enemy" drawing near, and to know that, in the mortal strife and struggle which must ensue, he will be the victor. Death is not naturally welcome; and it is dishonourable as well as painful, for it is the penalty of sin; and even the believer may be pardoned, and not accounted pusillanimous, if for a while, and under a sense of his many, many unworthinesses, he "stands shivering on the brink" of the cold river by which death is sometimes typified, and exclaims, with the apostle, "Not that I would be unclothed! not that I would be unclothed!"

Oh, to be able in that dread hour to say, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day!" to be able to appropriate to ourselves, as our own, our very own, the encouraging promise, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour."

Vincent Fleming had no triumphant feelings in the prospect of death, but he manifested what, in his circumstances, and with his antecedents, was, we think, somewhat better—very fervent and penitential humility, and a very touching, childlike faith. "I can only say, with the poor crucified malefactor," he one day whispered to Rose and her cousin, as they sat together by his side, "Lord, remember me!" and with Simon Peter, "Lord, save me!" and I think he will hear me. I think he has heard me, and has remembered me and saved me. I can trust in him."

In the summer months of which we are now speaking one event took place in the settlement which shed a few gleams of sympathetic pleasure over the anxious and saddened community. We say anxious and saddened, because the Captain settler was greatly respected and beloved by all who had shared with him the toils and dangers of his wilderness life. The event we refer to was the marriage of Louis and Annette. Vincent willed

that this should take place, and neither the bride nor the bridegroom said No. It was only stipulated by Annette that she should not leave her young mistress's service, and take up her abode in the house Louis had built for her, until she could be more readily dispensed with; and to this Louis willingly acceded.

They were married, then, after a very simple fashion, and with very little pomp or show; and, as we shall have no further occasion to bring the youthful couple prominently before our readers, we may as well say here, that they lived and flourished, became rich in substantial landed wealth, founded a family, and, as the wilderness and solitary place around them gradually became glad with inhabitants, and the desert put forth blossoms and fruits, Louis and his matronly wife, and their sons and their sons' wives after them, took rank, if not among the chief magnates of the community, yet with the foremost of its bold and brave and self-denying pioneers.

On the day following the wedding, Rose, at her father's earnest request, left him to the care and attendance of nurse Catherine, and walked out into that part of the open clearing which has already been described, and was presently joined by her cousin.

"You did not command my attendance, Rose. May I hope, however, that you will not reject it?" he said, as he approached her.

"Reject it! Oh no," and she turned confidently towards him.

They walked on some time in silence. Then Rivers spoke.

"You remember, Rose, when we last stood together on this spot?"

"It was here that you received those letters which took you away from us. I remember it very well, cousin Harry; all the more because I afterwards fancied that I had offended you that evening."

"Dear Rose, you are truth and candour itself: will you tell me what first put such a strange and untrue fancy into your thoughts?"

"I have no objection to telling you, Henry, because you have told me that I was mistaken, and that I did you wrong. I thought you must have been offended with me: there seemed such a cold constraint in your parting."

"We were not cousins then, Rose; or, being cousins, we did not know it," said Harry, smiling.

Rose looked puzzled. "What had that to do with it, Harry? we were friends, were we not?" she asked.

"Friends, and not cousins. Cousins now, and not friends—shall we put it in that way?"

Rose shook her head: the antithesis was neat, perhaps, but it was not true.

"And yet I have not dealt with you as a true friend. Do you think I have?—in all things, I mean."

"It is you who say this, cousin, not I. I neither say so, nor can I believe you to be untrue. You must not bear false witness, Harry, against even yourself."

"A true friend will give his confidence. I have not given you mine."

"Ah, then, you do not believe in me!" said Rose, sorrowfully.

"I believe in you, Rose: it is in myself that I have not believed."

"I do not understand," Rose said.

"No: I am talking enigmas. Listen, dear Rose, cousin Rose," continued Rivers, earnestly, yet deliberately. "You accused me just now—no, not accused, but you said that I was cold and constrained when I bade you farewell that long time ago. I plead guilty



to the charge. I did not believe in myself then, and could not trust myself."

Rose did not reply, except by an upward inquiring glance, which seemed to say, as plainly as looks can speak, "I do not yet understand."

"I have withheld my confidence from you, Rose, dear cousin Rose," continued Rivers, speaking still earnestly, yet deliberately. "It is because I have overcome my want of faith in myself, because I do believe in myself now, that I ask you to share in that confidence. Will you share in it, Rose, dear cousin?"

"I do not yet understand you, Harry, because I do not know in what respect you have withheld that confidence of which you speak. But if your faith in yourself, or your faith in me, is not very strong—"

"It is very strong: in you it ever has been; in myself now—yes, it is now."

"And very reasonable?" continued Rose.

"Very reasonable and very strong, my dear cousin; and I ask again, will you accept my confidence?"

Rose answered "Yes," frankly.

"I must go a long time back: at least I must go back to my boyhood. I have told you of my boyhood's home, but I have not told you of my boyhood's companions."

"Yes; of one of them, at least—Tom Carey."

"Ah, noble-hearted Tom! Poor, suffering, brave Tom Carey! Yes, I have told you of him; and I wish you could know him, and Marty his blind sister."

"You have told me of her too," said Rose.

"True; but I had another playfellow, companion, friend—what you will—whom I loved better than all the living world beside. I ought to except my own father, perhaps; but the love I bore to Clara was another sort of love. Do you understand me, Rose?"

"I am trying to understand you, cousin Henry," she replied.

"I loved her very dearly; loved her before I knew what love—such love—meant. And she—Clara—returned it. I was very happy, my dear cousin."

"Yes; oh yes; I am beginning to understand you, Henry."

"There was nothing to mar that happiness. My father knew how I had placed my love: this was when I had grown older, and could begin to write myself man, you know; and Clara's parents said that, if she were pleased, and I were pleased, they were pleased too. They were goodly visions that I dreamed then."

"Poor cousin Henry! I understand you now. Your happiness was fixed too much on these earth-born hopes, and sorrow came. Your Clara died?"

"Died! Yes; died to me. Her love died, for I became poor. You understand me now?"

A very sorrowful expression spread over Rose's countenance, but she did not speak.

"Her love died to me, and—Rose, there is an old song that I used to sing with Tom Carey, and got him to teach to his fellow-forgemen. You would have been delighted to hear, as I have heard, their manly, musical voices, accompanied by the ringing of their heavy forge-hammers on the glowing iron, floating over the water on a summer evening."

"I think I should have been."

"Why do I speak of this?" said Harry, after a moment's pause. "Oh, I was thinking of the song, and of this stanza in it:—"

"Fain also would I prove this,  
By considering  
What that which you call love is;  
Whether it be a folly,  
Or a melancholy,

Or some heroic thing!

Fain I'd have it proved, by one whom love hath wounded,  
And fully upon one his desire hath founded,  
Whom nothing else could prove, though the whole world were rounded."

But I am puzzling you, Rose, and talking nonsense, am I not?"

"I have heard of such things before," said Rose, quietly.

"But do not sympathize with them? Why should you? You are too good, Rose; too entirely separated from the weaknesses and follies of humanity to care for such things. If I were an idolater, and it were permitted me to worship a living mortal saint, the shrine should be erected to you."

"But you are not an idolater, Henry," said Rose, with great simplicity; "and I—oh, Harry, you do not know how weak and foolish your poor cousin can be!"

"You do not scorn me, then, Rose?"

"Scorn! scorn you! Scorn you for your faithfulness, and for having been deceived! Oh, Henry!"

"But, Rose, if I should tell you something more? If I should say that I have made a discovery—that my heart is not quite withered and blighted—that, if love has wounded, it has brought its own precious balsam, and healed the wound—that I have learned something by what I have suffered—that—may I go on, dear, dearest Rose?"

A deep blush suffused her cheek, and her hand trembled, but she did not withdraw it from the tender but ardent grasp in which it was held.

"If I should say that I am glad now that I escaped, and that—"

"Harry! dear Harry!"

"But I am poor, Rose. I have nothing I can call my own but a few barren acres and an old farm-house. Look round you, Rose. All this smiling prospect, these flourishing lands, these glorious forests—"

"Harry! dear Harry!"

"These are all yours, Rose. And the little estate in England; I have told your father that I will not receive it from his hands—that he has no right to deprive you of your birthright."

"Harry! dear Harry!"

"But I have told him that I will receive it from yours, Rose, if—may I still go on?"

For one moment Rose withdrew her hand from her cousin's, and walked on silently by his side. Then, like a true-hearted woman as she was, she held out her hand again.

"Take it, dear Harry," she said, "and me with it, hand and heart. I will be your true and loving wife."

And so they returned by the way they came, hand in hand.

#### THE EUROPEAN DEATH-RATE IN INDIA.

THOUGH the colonial empire of England is so enormous and widely spread as to warrant the expression of being a realm upon which the sun never sets, yet, taking a map of the world, or a terrestrial globe, and glancing the eye from spot to spot wherever the Union Jack has been planted and British sovereignty or protection proclaimed, the regions where Anglo-Saxon babies are born, and grow up into Anglo-Saxon men and women, amenable to no higher rate of average mortality than here at home, are, comparatively speaking, few. Childhood over, and the period of adolescence well entered upon, European males and females acquire a power of resisting climate, whether it be hot or cold, to which at an earlier time of life their constitutions would have been unequal.



This is particularly illustrated by Anglo-Indian families, the children born of which are usually, when practicable, sent either home or to Australia, New Zealand, or Van Diemen's Land, in order to avoid the prejudicial climatic conditions which, if encountered, are usually so fatal. A consideration of this sort leads to the distribution of British colonies and foreign possessions and dependencies into the two categories of such as are maintained by an Anglo-Saxon race, born to the spots respectively, and such as are maintained in connection with the home Government, through a continuous immigration. Strictly speaking, India is not a British colony, but a vast tract made up of an aggregate of dependencies; nevertheless, for the purpose of present argument and illustration it may be regarded as part and parcel of the British colonial empire. From the time when the British Government first accepted responsibilities over India, to the present, the dominant race has been replenished and maintained at the requisite numeral standard, not by birth on the spot, but by importation; and although climatic trials do not affect European adults in the same proportion as they affect children, nevertheless, the Indian bills of mortality have ever been, and still remain, alarming.

At a recent Social Science Meeting Miss Nightingale read a communication on the subject of the European death-rate in India—a paper characterized by the far-seeing acuteness with which this estimable lady views all the social and philanthropic subjects to which she has devoted her attention. The title of that paper, "How People may Live and not Die in India," is encouraging, and Miss Nightingale's analysis of the numerous conditions to which much of the excessive mortality of India may be traced is so searching and acute, that it is well worthy the attention of every British reader to whom the health and well-being of that portion of his race, banished for a time to Indian soil and Indian climate, is a matter of interest. It would appear that at the present time no more than one hundred and eighty thousand British at most are diffused through the hundred millions or so of the native races; and of these one hundred and eighty thousand, about seventy-three thousand will represent the strength of the British army in India. Considering the enormous tract we are called upon to govern, the enormous density and diversity of the native races, even the present Anglo-Indian army, numbering, as we have seen, about seventy-three thousand troops, seems disproportionately small. Nevertheless, it is far more considerable than before the mutiny, inasmuch as, up to that time, the Sepoy army of natives constituted the bulk of our Indian military force. Inasmuch as the Sepoy element will never be made available to any great extent again; inasmuch as, if the Sikhs be excepted, the bulk of the Anglo-Indian military force will in future be composed of people of these isles, it becomes a matter of higher importance than ever it was in times gone by to look the Indian death-rate, hitherto so tremendous, fully in the face, endeavouring to learn the causes to which it may be traceable, and whether some of these causes may not be capable of obviolation. This is the inquiry to which Miss Nightingale addressed herself, and in which we shall endeavour to follow her. The basis of that lady's investigations was the report of the Royal Commission on the sanitary state of India, a document which, as she well remarked, constitutes a new starting-point for Indian civilization, having shown that, unless the health of British troops in India can be improved, and the enormous death-rate reduced, this country will never be able to hold India with a British army. The time, she remarks, has not yet arrived for

the pressure of the death-rate it manifests to be fully felt, seeing that the present large Anglo-Indian army is comparatively new to the country; but, unless active measures are taken by the Indian Government, and by the military authorities, to give effect to the recommendations of the commissioners, it is, she remarks, unhappily certain that the mortality will increase with the length of the service.

Formerly, the East India Company's troops constituted but a small proportion of the Indian army; hence, though the death-rate was proportionately less severe than now, it was not so much noticed. It was but a small European army: that small army was often swept away, and as often replenished. No difficulty was felt in keeping up the necessary number by recruiting, as often as required. It will be very different now, according to the opinion expressed by Sir Alexander Tulloch before the Commission—an authority of very great weight. Few men have had so much experience in this department of the service, and he has very grave doubts whether, assuming the present Indian death-rate to continue, an army of seventy thousand men can be kept up by any system of home recruiting. What is the figure of this Indian death-rate for Europeans, our readers would now like to know. We will disclose it; and our readers will stand aghast. Out of every thousand troops despatched from this country to India, no fewer than sixty-nine may be expected to die before the year has ended; or, in other words, the average death-rate of troops serving in India is no less than sixty-nine per thousand per annum. Such is the average; and the accuracy of it cannot be impugned. It rests on the authority of Sir Alexander Tulloch, and it has been confirmed by a separate inquiry made with the help of the Registrar-General's office, at the request of the Commission. So large an average, when revealed, took the country, remarks Miss Nightingale, by surprise. It is enormous, and, nevertheless, is understated, seeing that it makes no account of soldiers invalided home—men who die at sea, or shortly after their arrival home. Official people, struck aghast, as well they might be, endeavoured to explain away the teachings of these figures in the following manner, using the following arguments. The average, they said, was not constant; in certain years, and groups of years, the death-rate was much greater than in others; the mortality in the years of excess was due to wars or other causes; that peace, and not sanitary measures, was therefore the remedy. Miss Nightingale deals very summarily with this way of putting the case. "To this," says she, "there is the simple reply, that during the present century there has been an average loss from death alone of sixty-nine men out of every thousand per annum, distribute the mortality how you will; and more, there is every reason to believe that, if things go on as they have done in the present century, we shall continue to lose our troops at the rate of even up to one hundred per thousand. It offends the Christian's ear, it rebels against the Christian's sentiments, to regard men, human beings, as mere physical machines, costing money to obtain and replace; nevertheless, for military statistical purposes, in this sense they have to be regarded. From the monetary point of view considered, it may well be imagined that a mortality so excessive as that recorded must rise to the equivalent of some large figure: in point of fact, the money cost of sixty-nine deaths per thousand per annum in the Indian army represents a cost of about three thousand four hundred and fifty pounds for each day of the year. The full pressure of the Indian death-rate will perhaps, however, be best conveyed by contrasting

it with the existing British death-rate since the home stations have been improved. This now appears to be ten per thousand per annum, or one per cent.

"Unofficial people," observes Miss Nightingale, "everywhere ask the question how this great death-rate has arisen; how it happens that one of the most civilized and healthy nations in the world no sooner lands the pick of its population in tropical climates (for similar losses occur in all tropical climates among us) than they begin to die off at this enormous rate." In reply to this, Miss Nightingale expresses her fear that British civilization is insular and local; based upon the requirements of our own islands, and making too little allowance for circumstances that should modify habits to be followed in other regions. She imputes to the native-born Briton a very indifferent character in all that regards the faculty of modifying his daily life to the varying circumstances that climate imposes. "Amongst other nations," she observes, "there is a certain power of adaptation to foreign climates and countries; but wherever you place your Briton you may feel quite satisfied that he will care nothing about climates. If he has been a large eater and a hard drinker at home, ten to one he will be, to say the least of it, as large an eater and as hard a drinker in the burning plains of Hindostan. Enlist an Irish or a Scotch labourer, who has done many a hard day's work almost entirely on farinaceous or vegetable diet, with an occasional dose of whisky; place him at some Indian station where the thermometer ranges at between 90° and 100°, and he will make no difficulty in disposing of three or four times the quantity of animal food he ever ate, under the hardest labour, during winters at home, if, indeed, he ever ate any at all."

Miss Nightingale strenuously demurs to the scale of dietary by authority appointed for the British soldier in India; and, before further adverting to that dietary, it will be well to remember that the British soldier, whilst serving in India, is allowed servants to wait upon him, on the assumption that the climate renders this indulgence necessary, as a matter of sanitary precaution. This statement premised, let the reader now be informed that the British soldier doing duty in India is allowed to drink two drams of raw spirit every day, amounting to no less than eighteen and a half gallons in the course of the year. Of late years malt liquor has been partially substituted for spirits; nevertheless, the soldier is still allowed to imbibe his eighteen and a half gallons of raw spirit yearly, if he so pleases. After stating this flagrant violation of the laws of health, every further objection that can be taken to the Anglo-Indian soldier's dietary, such as the excess of animal food, for example, will seem trivial; enough to say that the Anglo-Indian solid dietary is such as answers very well at home—such as indeed is by our climate needed—but which, nevertheless, is directly at variance with the laws of health under such circumstances as European life in the climate of Hindostan needs and indicates.

According to the statement of Miss Nightingale, it is not to intemperance, but to miasmatic causes, however, that the chief mortality of Hindostan is justly attributable. Now, intemperance, observes Miss Nightingale, never produced miasmatic diseases yet: a class wholly divisible, according to her, into foul air diseases and foul water diseases. Nevertheless, intemperance may conduce to miasmatic diseases indirectly, by giving rise to a low state of constitution, under which the vitality needful to ward off diseases is broken down. The Briton leaves his natural civilization behind him, but he brings his personal vices along with him. "What marvel, then," asks Miss Nightingale, "that the Indian death-rate is

severe?" At home great improvements have been effected in agricultural and town drainage, in providing abundant supplies of water: in India these ameliorations are almost unknown. There no drainage exists, either in the town or in the country. There is not a single Indian military station drained. Under such a state of things at home do we not expect fevers, cholera, epidemics? and, if so, wherefore not in India? As regards water, there is not a single barrack in India that is supplied in our sense of the term at all. There are neither water-pipes nor drain-pipes. Water is either to be had from tanks, into which all the filth on the neighbouring surface may at any time be washed by the rains, or from shallow wells dug in unwholesome or doubtful soil. Pumps are unknown: water, being drawn in skins, is carried in skins on the backs of men or bullocks, and poured into any sort of vessels in the barracks for use. The quantity of water available is usually insufficient for sanitary purposes, and the quality of it is mostly indifferent. Probably, it may be said that throughout India there does not exist one single military station that has what we should call a pure water supply; and at some it is to be feared that every draught of water drunk conveys the germs of cholera. Then, in the construction of barracks, some of the most obvious sanitary precepts and conditions are violated. All our best soldiers have been brought up in country cottages, and when in barracks at home there are rarely more than from twelve to twenty men in a room. No sooner does the soldier come to India than he is put into a room that commonly holds from one hundred to three hundred men, and in one case, according to the late report, no fewer than six hundred men. Even were the locality England, not India, such dense packing could not fail to be unfavourable to health; how far more provocative of disease, then, in India! The sloth, the idleness of a British soldier's life when on Indian service is the next condition provocative of disease taken cognizance of by Miss Nightingale. At home our population is one of the most active of the world; we, indeed, here at home, consider activity and health to be inseparable: but no sooner does an English soldier set his foot upon Indian soil than he is shut up all day in a hot, close barrack-room; the room, moreover, for eating and sleeping. Exercise is prohibited. Their meals are eaten in the hottest part of the day, and served up by native servants. Dinner over, they lie on their beds idle, and doze away the time until sunset.

It is easy to perceive, from this long bill of indictment drawn up against the manner of European living in India, that much of the insalubrity commonly attributed to climate will have arisen from other causes. "It is natural to us to seek a scapegoat for every neglect," writes Miss Nightingale, "and climate has been made to play this part ever since we set foot in India. Sir Charles Napier testified that every evil from which British troops have suffered has been laid at its door. The effects of man's imprudence are attributed to climate: if a man gets drunk, the sun has given him a headache, and so on." Speaking of Delhi, he says, "Every garden, if not kept clean, becomes a morass. Weeds flourish, filth runs riot, and the grandest city in India has the name of being insalubrious, although there is nothing evil about it that does not appear to be of man's own creation." Pronouncing in regard to these expressed opinions of Sir Charles Napier, Miss Nightingale says, "One most important result of the inquiry of the Royal Commission has been to destroy this bugbear. They have reduced 'climate' to its proper dimensions and influence, and they have shown that just as hot moist weather at home calls people to account for sanitary neglect and

acts of intemperance, so does the climate of India call to account the same people there. There is not a shadow of proof," says Miss Nightingale, "that India was created to be the grave of the British race." The commissioners, from whose report Miss Nightingale borrows most of her facts, are of opinion that if Europeans resident in India were to live rationally, as dictated by the conditions surrounding them, if they would adopt a scale of diet resembling that found by the natives to be advantageous; the result would be a considerable lowering of the existing death-rate, even though the larger measures of sanitary amelioration, such as can only be performed by a government, should not take effect. Nevertheless, if the British Government would escape the verdict of having shamefully neglected the interests not only of its own British soldiers, but of the teeming millions of Hindostan, who directly or indirectly are amenable to its sway, England must lose no time in extending to India the measures of sanitary reform which here, in these isles, have proved themselves of such signal benefit. Very frequently it happens that, when these measures are proposed, some Anglo-Indian of the olden school will take exception to the scheme, on the ground of caste. The natives, he will urge, will not allow their prejudices to be interfered with. Miss Nightingale is not so sure of that. She points significantly to the railroad system now rapidly spreading its iron net over the length and breadth of India. Were the precepts of caste strictly attended to, there should be no travelling in community among the natives of India; nevertheless, high-caste and low-caste have learned the advantage of trusting to the iron line, rather than to their own means of locomotion. We need not follow this estimable lady further in her recapitulation of the conditions of Indian insalubrity. God works through obvious physical agencies in much that relates to public health, and human beings would not be the free agents they are if the diminution of the Indian death-rate, through amelioration effected by man's handiwork, did not stand in the relationship of cause and effect, as she puts it. "The time has gone by," says Miss Nightingale, "when India was considered a mere appanage of British commerce." In holding India we must be able to show the moral right of our tenure. Much is being done, no doubt, to improve the country by railways, canals, and means of communication; to improve the people by education, including under this word European literature and science. But what at home can be done in education if we neglect physical laws? How does education progress here, without the means of cleanliness, of decency, of health? The school lessons of a month are sapped in an hour. If the people are left a prey to epidemics and immoral agencies in their homes, it is not much good sending them to school. Where should we be now, with all our schools, if London were like Calcutta, Madras, or Bombay? Burke, speaking many years ago of the influence of the Government over India, said, "England has built no bridges, made no high-roads, cut no navigations." He could not have used those words truthfully had he spoken at the present time. In regard, however, to the social improvement of Indian cities matters have not altered much since Burke's time. He might still aver, if alive, that, "were we driven out of India this day, nothing would remain to tell that it had been possessed, during the inglorious period of our dominion, by anything better than the orang-outang or the tiger." "The question is no less a one than this," writes Miss Nightingale: "how to create a public health department for India; how to bring a higher civilization into India. What a work! what a noble task for a government! No

inglorious period of our dominion that, but a most glorious one. *That* would be creating India anew; for God places his own power, his own life-giving laws, in the hands of men. He permits man to create mankind by those laws, even as he permits man to destroy mankind by neglect of those laws."

#### ENOCH ARDEN.

It is a common complaint of those who have been much conversant with poetry in their younger years, whether as students, writers, or critics, that the poets who rise up in their advancing life are degenerate, unoriginal, and unintelligible. Jeffrey, who in his vigorous days had sounded or re-echoed the praises of Cowper, and Scott, and Moore, and Campbell, and Byron, complained, five-and-twenty years after, that among the poets of that day there was little invention, little direct or overwhelming passion, and little natural simplicity. He felt the want of an aim or subject in the descriptions and emotions of the modern poets, and thought it not quite unreasonable to insist on knowing a little what their poetry was about. Even Tennyson himself, with all his well-merited popularity, was sometimes unable to fix the attention of the skilful readers of the older poets, and, by the irregularity of his versification and the vagueness of his description, repelled some who were willing to be pleased. No one questioned the richness of his fancy or the skill of his diction; but he appealed not to the universal mind and heart, and, while extravagantly praised by the few, was scarcely intelligible to the many.

In his new poem of "Enoch Arden" there is no ground of complaint on this score. He has dealt with subjects that come home to every heart, in good old English blank verse. This was the metre in which Shakespeare clothed his marvellous thoughts; it furnished Milton with the majestic music for his "Paradise Lost;" it was employed by Thomson and Young, Cowper and Wordsworth, each in a style of individuality strongly marked, though moving in the same iambic rhythm; and Tennyson now strikes the strings with no inferior strain.

The story of "Enoch Arden" is a very melancholy one. In the principal characters there is uprightness, generosity, and unselfishness; no plots, or crooked purposes; yet all ends dolefully. It is just such a story as used to be employed by the tragic Muse of Greece to purge the affections by pity and terror; but, to the credit of Mr. Tennyson, he has imbued his greatest sufferer with Christian principle—an honourable contrast to many modern poets, who, writing in a land where the gospel is known, ignore it in their works as if they lived in the days of *Æschylus* or *Euripides*. But whether he has carried out the lessons of rectitude in regard to the other personages of the drama, and, consequently, whether the influence of the poem on the whole is for good or evil, is a question open to discussion, upon which we have a few words to say after giving an outline of the story. The poem begins with the description of a village near the sea, where—

"Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm;  
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands.  
Here on this beach, a hundred years ago,  
Three children of three houses, Annie Lee,  
The prettiest little damsel in the port,  
And Philip Ray, the miller's only son,  
And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad,  
Made orphan by a winter shipwreck, play'd  
Among the waste and lumber of the shore,  
Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing-nets,



Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats updrawn;  
And built their castles of dissolving sand  
To watch them overflow'd, or, following up  
And flying the white breaker, daily left  
The little footprint daily wash'd away.  
A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff:  
In this the children play'd at keeping house."

Sometimes one of the boys, sometimes the other, was master, while Annie still was mistress. If the boys quarrelled—

"The little wife would weep for company,  
And pray they would not quarrel, for her sake,  
And say she would be little wife to both."

Years passed on; and both the youths fixed their hearts on that one girl to be his wife, in earnest. Enoch told his love; and for a time it was returned, unconscious to herself at first. Philip loved in silence.

"Enoch set  
A purpose evermore before his eyes:  
To hoard all savings to the uttermost,  
To purchase his own boat, and make a home  
For Annie; and so prosper'd that at last  
A luckier or a bolder fisherman,  
A carefuller in peril, did not breathe  
For leagues along that breaker-beaten coast  
Than Enoch. Likewise had he served a year  
On board a merchantman, and made himself  
Full sailor; and he thrice had pluck'd a life  
From the dread sweep of the down-streaming seas:  
And all men look'd upon him favourably:  
And ere he touch'd his one-and-twentieth May  
He purchased his own boat, and made a home  
For Annie, neat and nest-like, half-way up  
The narrow street that clamber'd toward the mill."

Philip soon perceived that he was not to be the accepted of Annie, and bore his doom in sorrow and silence. Enoch and she were in due time wedded: the village bells merrily ushered in seven happy years of "health and competence, and mutual love and honourable toil." Two children blessed their house, a daughter and a son, for whom he framed the noble wish to give his earnings to the uttermost, and procure them a better bringing up than had been his and Annie's. Then came a change: a rival haven was opened ten miles northward. Enoch used to go there on business, and once, clambering on a mast, he fell and broke a limb.

"And, while he lay recovering there, his wife  
Bore him another son, a sickly one:  
Another hand crept too across his trade,  
Taking her bread and theirs: and on him fell,  
Altho' a grave and staid God-fearing man,  
Yet lying thus inactive, doubt and gloom."

He prayed that his children might not lead low, miserable lives of hand-to-mouth, nor his wife be a beggar. While Enoch prayed, the master of the ship he had served in came to tell him he was going to China, and offered to take him as boatswain. Rejoicing at that answer to his prayer, he accepted the offer, determined to sell his boat, to set up Annie in a shop, to trade a little himself in foreign parts, and—

"—returning rich,  
Become the master of a larger craft,  
With fuller profits lead an easier life,  
Have all his pretty young ones educated,  
And pass his days in peace among his own."

With these bright visions he returned home when he was cured, and announced his purposes to his wife, to her inexpressible grief, for she foreboded nothing but disaster. But Enoch was firm in his resolve: the parting did take place, and is thus feelingly described:—

"And Enoch faced this morning of farewell  
Brightly and boldly. All his Annie's fears,  
Save as his Annie's, were a laughter to him.  
Yet Enoch as a brave God-fearing man  
Bow'd himself down, and, in that mystery  
Where God-in-man is one with man-in-God,  
Pray'd for a blessing on his wife and babes,  
Whatever came to him: and then he said,

"Annie, this voyage by the grace of God  
Will bring fair weather yet to all of us.  
Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for me,  
For I'll be back, my girl, before you know it.  
Then lightly rocking baby's cradle, 'And he,  
This pretty, puny, weakly little one—  
Nay, for I love him all the better for it—  
God bless him, he shall sit upon my knees,  
And I will tell him tales of foreign parts,  
And make him merry, when I come home again.  
Come, Annie, come, cheer up before I go."

The China voyage, as we can testify by experience, is correctly traced.

"Prosperously sail'd  
The ship 'Good Fortune;' tho' at setting forth  
The Biscay, roughly ridging eastward, shook  
And almost overwhelm'd her, yet unweert  
She slept across the summer of the world,  
Then, after a long tumble about the Cape,  
And frequent interchange of foul and fair,  
She passing thro' the summer world again,  
The breath of heaven came continually,  
And sent her sweetly by the golden isles,  
Till silent in her oriental haven."

The home voyage was less prosperous. The vessel, after many vicissitudes of storm and calm, was wrecked on a beautiful but desolate island, and Enoch, with two others of the crew, were the only ones saved. These died, and Enoch was left alone in dreary solitude on this Eden of plenteousness and eternal summer.

Meantime things had not gone on smoothly at home. Annie did not thrive in trade, but failed, and grew sad in knowing it, and—

"Expectant of that news which never came,  
Gain'd for her own a scanty sustenance,  
And lived a life of silent melancholy."

Her third child, sickly born, pined and died, and, in the same week when she buried it, Philip, who, with true delicacy, had never looked upon her since Enoch left, called upon her, and falteringly told her he came to ask a favour of her. She was surprised that any favour should be asked of one so sad and so forlorn, and was quite overcome when he told her that the favour he asked was to be allowed to put her two children to school; for he was sure that Enoch would be sadly grieved if he could know his babes were running wild like colts about the waste. She gave her consent.

"Then Philip put the boy and girl to school,  
And bought them needful books, and every way,  
Like one who does his duty by his own,  
Made himself theirs; and tho' for Annie's sake,  
Fearing the lazy gossip of the port,  
He oft denied his heart his dearest wish,  
And seldom cross'd her threshold, yet he sent  
Gifts by the children, garden-herbs and fruit,  
The late and early roses from his wall."

Ten years had elapsed, and there were no tidings of Enoch. Philip now ventured to say to Annie, that surely the ship was lost: why should she kill herself and make the children orphans quite? He would fain prove a father to her children; and he believed if she were his wife they might be happy after all these sad uncertain years. She gave her consent, provided he would wait for a year. The year came round, and he claimed her promise. She put him off for another half-year.

"By this the lazy gossips of the port,  
Abhorrent of a calculation crost,  
Began to chafe as at a personal wrong.  
Some thought that Philip did but trifle with her,  
Some that she but held off to draw him on;  
And others laugh'd at her and Philip too,  
As simple folk that knew not their own minds;  
And one, in whom all evil fancies clung  
Like serpent eggs together, laughingly  
Would hint at worse in either. Her own son  
Was silent, tho' he often look'd his wish;  
But evermore the daughter prest upon her  
To wed the man so dear to all of them,  
And lift the household out of poverty;



And Philip's rosy face contracting grew  
Careworn and wan; and all these things fell on her  
Sharp as reproach."

At last Annie prayed for a sign. "My Enoch, is he gone?" One sleepless night she suddenly started up, struck a light, opened her Bible, and put her finger on the text "Under a palm-tree." She slept, and in her sleep came a vision of Enoch sitting as if it were in the land where palms are the sign of triumph and bliss. Her scruples then ceased, and she and Philip were wed.

We confess that we wish this mode of finding an omen, this imitation of the *sortes Virgilianæ*, and scripture texts to interpret distance and futurity, had not found a place among so many admirable exhibitions of truth and nature.

Meanwhile, on his solitary island Enoch wasted his dismal hours. Nothing can exceed the description of the lovely but ill-beloved scene. His feelings, too, his misgivings, and his hopes, are depicted with equal power. He had remembrances of his former days and scenes: the boat, the mill, Annie and the babes.

"Once likewise, in the ringing of his ears,  
Tho' faintly, merrily—far and far away—  
He heard the pealing of his parish bells;  
Then, tho' he knew not wherefore, started up  
Shuddering, and when the beauteous hateful isle  
Return'd upon him, had not his poor heart  
Spoken with That, which, being everywhere,  
Lets none, who speaks with Him, seem all alone,  
Surely the man had died of solitude."

At length a ship touched at the island, and he was rescued. The description of his meeting with the newcomers is particularly noticeable:—

"Downward from his mountain gorge  
Stept the long-hair'd, long-bearded solitary,  
Brown, looking hardly human, strangely clad,  
Muttering and mumbling, idiotlike it seem'd,  
With inarticulate rage, and making signs  
They knew not what: and yet he led the way  
To where the rivulets of sweet water ran;  
And ever as he mingled with the crew,  
And heard them talking, his long-bounded tongue  
Was loosen'd, till he made them understand;  
Whom, when their casks were fill'd, they took aboard:  
And there the tale he utter'd brokenly,  
Scarce credited at first, but more and more  
Amazed and melted all who listen'd to it."

They gave him clothes and a free passage home; and officers and men, levying a kindly tax upon themselves, gave it to the lonely man, and landed him in the harbour from which he had formerly sailed. He spoke to nobody, but walked to where was once his home. All was sad and forsaken. He went to the wharf in search of a tavern he once knew, then a haunt of brawling seamen, but now quiet enough, the landlord having died, and left it to his widow, Miriam Lane, who kept the house with daily dwindling profits. Here he lodged, and abode silent many days. His good and garrulous landlady often broke in upon him, telling him all the annals of the port; among the rest his own story; for

he was so brown, so bowed and broken, that she did not recognise him :—

"His baby's death, her growing poverty,  
How Philip put her little ones to school  
And kept them in it; his long wooing her,  
Her slow consent, and marriage, and the birth  
Of Philip's child: and o'er his countenance  
No shadow past, nor motion: any one,  
Regarding, well had deem'd he felt the tale  
Less than the teller: only when she closed,  
'Enoch, poor man, was cast away and lost,  
He, shaking his gray head pathetically,  
Repeated, muttering, 'Cast away and lost!'  
Again, in deeper inward whispers, 'Lost!'"

He yearned to see Annie's face again, and know that she was happy. In the twilight of a dull November day he stole out, and with deep silence made his way to the house on the hill, where in secret he beheld a scene of domestic happiness, so many ingredients of which, wife, son, and daughter, were by rights his own, that, with intense agony and matchless firmness, he refrained from uttering a shrill and terrible cry, which in one moment, like the blast of doom, would shatter all the happiness of the hearth. He therefore softly withdrew, came out upon the waste, could not kneel, but fell prostrate on the wet earth and prayed.

"Too hard to bear! Why did they take me thence?  
O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou  
That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,  
Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness  
A little longer! And me, give me strength  
Not to tell her, never to let her know,  
Help me not to break in upon her peace.  
My children, too! must I not speak to these?  
They know me not. I should betray myself.  
Never! no father's kiss for me—the girl  
So like her mother, and the boy my son!"

He determined not to tell her; never to let her know. He kept firm to his purpose, kept himself unknown in the village, and earned a scanty living by turning his hand to various jobs. At last sickness came gradually upon him, and he kept the house, his chair, and, last, his bed. Then he told his old landlady, Miriam Lane, his secret, binding her with a solemn oath not to divulge it till after his death; sending the kindest messages to Philip and Annie, and a lock of his deceased baby's hair, which he had cut off when he left his home, and had ever since carried about with him. It was with difficulty she refrained from rushing out and telling the story all round the little haven. She wished to be allowed to fetch his children to see him, but this too he resisted. We are not told of the delivery of the last messages: we hope they never reached the miller's home; for the knowledge of what happened, even though Enoch was now really dead, must have blasted all their happiness.

"Then the third night after this,  
While Enoch slumber'd, motionless and pale,  
And Miriam watch'd and dozed at intervals,  
There came so loud a calling of the sea,  
That all the houses in the haven rang.  
He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad,  
Crying with a loud voice, 'A sail! a sail!  
I am saved; and so fell back and spoke no more.  
So past the strong heroic soul away.  
And when they buried him the little port  
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral."

Such is the outline of the story of Mr. Tennyson's poem: Of its merit as a work of genius and of art it would be presumption to speak; but from a moral and social point of view we cannot refrain from some words of protest, or at least of caution.

It may be said that the plot is ordinary and the incidents common-place. No doubt there have been many instances of a person turning up unexpectedly and inconveniently after long absence. From Ulysses and from well-known characters in the Greek drama, through the romances of France, Italy, and Spain, down to the

police cases reported in the modern newspapers, such events are only too familiar. The wretched writers of the sensation novels of our day delight in scenes and incidents involving hard questions of moral casuistry, and too often encouragement is given to loose and immoral conduct by the general tenor of these tales. Mr. Tennyson's mind is too pure to follow this multitude in this evil tendency; yet we cannot but regret that he has meddled at all with a subject so suggestive of doubtful morality, or that, having meddled with it, he did not deal poetic justice upon others than the suffering hero of the poem. Enoch Arden acts to the last in a noble, self-denying spirit; and, as he is represented as gathering his heroic strength from prayer, we may say that he acts to the last on the highest religious principle. But the circumstances of Philip Ray and of Enoch's wife are presented in a manner to absorb the sympathy of the readers, instead of strengthening in them the stern rectitude of virtue. Veil it as you may with poetic sentiment, the marriage of Philip Ray and Annie Arden was wrong, in the absence of the proof of Enoch's death. Mr. Tennyson glances lightly at their characters, and concentrates all his power on that of Enoch Arden. He hints nothing, also, of the sequel of the tragedy. Enoch bravely resolves never to breathe the secret of his presence during life, yet he sends dying messages which must inevitably carry perplexing and distressing anguish to the home which he beheld so peaceful. He lays a train which is to explode after he is gone. Either he ought to have died and given no sign, or the reader should have been made to see, in the troubled peace of Philip's home, the bitter fruits of an evil or doubtful act. As it is, the weight of the Laureate's influence is too likely to be used on the side of passion and expediency, against virtue and principle. Enoch Arden's heroic self-denial few are likely to imitate; but too many would be ready, with less decency or delay, to approve of such unions as those of Philip Ray and Annie Arden.

We are of course speaking only of the probable influence of the poem, not of the purpose of the writer. There is no doubt that Mr. Tennyson's intention was to give the picture of an heroic nature, strengthened and elevated by Christian principle. Our admiration of the main character of the poem leads us all the more to regret its unavoidable dangers and its incidental defects.

### EASTBOURNE.

MANY of the southern watering-places of England have both a summer and a winter season: a gay season for those who seek pleasure upon the summer waters, and a season for the poor invalid who seeks shelter from the rough winter winds beneath protecting cliffs. Hastings, and Worthing, the neighbours of Eastbourne on the right hand and on the left, partake of both these characters; but Eastbourne is almost exclusively a place for the summer. The air is vastly more fresh and bracing than at the other places we have mentioned; and the climate is proportionably too severe for invalids during the winter. Indeed, on a day of cold, and wind, and rain—such days are not uncommon even in summer—the place seems thoroughly bleak and desolate; but visit Eastbourne on a bright, fresh, breezy summer day, and you perceive that it is a charming and a thriving little watering-place. One or two points at once strike you as peculiar, and eminently pleasing. I know of no watering-place where the fresh verdure is so carried down to the very margin of the water. The green, shady country



ride extends through the streets, and to the very coast. One of the streets near the beach is flanked by two stately elms, which expand into a wide cloud of verdure. Again, the public promenade, though of limited extent, is arranged with a terrace above a terrace, laid out with flower-beds. Though of no great length, it is now in course of extension; in fact, everything is in course of extension. Directly you have arrived at the station you perceive a long line of new and substantial houses, and, as you continue your explorations, these new and substantial houses are found to extend on every side. In their company, as is most fit, arise the neat parsonage and the trim school-house. As "we take our walks abroad" we see in the shop windows all the signs that denote the watering-place that possesses a population of refined tastes and liberal expenditure. The jewellers, the printsellers, the dressmakers, the new books and the new music, with a variety of fashionable etceteras, all give satisfactory evidence of this. Charles Lamb has told us that he was "dull at Worthing one summer, duller at Brighton another, and dumbest at Eastbourne a third." Elia is certainly libellous in his language, at times. I know all these places, and never found them dull. A sensible man ought to find no place dull; least of all such a place as Eastbourne. But though Eastbourne is not dull, it is certainly very quiet: a quietness that harmonizes well with the vast, lonely sea that stretches out far and wide.

It is a wide, straggling place, this Eastbourne. At first it requires a little effort of mind to settle the notion what Eastbourne really is. One becomes confused between old Eastbourne, Southbourne, and the Sea-Houses. Old Eastbourne is well-nigh forgotten, and the district of the Sea-Houses has appropriated the name. For our own part, we respect antiquity, and will give it the post of honour. As we walk along from the station, leaving the modern Eastbourne behind us in the opposite direction, we are again struck by the size and beauty of the abounding elms. As we move about we feel the want of a good local guide-book, which does not at present exist. Happily, however, there is Mr. Murray's "Handbook for Kent and Sussex," and also the various writings of Mr. Lower, and the Sussex Archaeological collection. By our present direct route we pass Eastbourne Place, which was long the residence of Davies Gilbert, the celebrated President of the Royal Society. By a more circuitous road—the Southbourne direction—we pass Compton Lodge, one of the many possessions of the Duke of Devonshire. It is a plain, substantial building, but comfortable, and in good taste, and affords a remarkable contrast to the grandeur of Chatsworth and Hardwick. We soon reach the centre of the little village, where four branching roads meet, and at once we obtain a bird's-eye view of Eastbourne proper. It will, however, repay some examination in detail. To those who have some knowledge and taste in ecclesiastical architecture the church is highly interesting. The architecture is Norman, and that of the transitional period which succeeded. In the north chancel is the monument of the local celebrity whom we have already mentioned, Davies Gilbert. His original name was Giddy; and he assumed the name of Gilbert upon his marriage with the heiress of Eastbourne Park. His monument bears a Greek inscription, which was most probably written by himself; and on the slab of the vault below are also Greek words, signifying "That which shall come will come." In the east window some fragments of Flemish glass are preserved. The "Lamb Inn," near the church, and also the parsonage farm-house, are ancient buildings, and have the reputation of having once been religious houses.

Much attention has been drawn to a remarkable vaulted apartment which exists at the "Lamb Inn;" and there is also a subterraneous passage, highly interesting to lovers of romance, which extends from the inn in the direction of the church. We were told at Eastbourne of some enterprising individual who determined to revive the glories of the old town, and to throw the innovating new town into the shade. His attempt met with only a most moderate degree of success, and it is hardly likely that it will be soon renewed.

We return now to the new town, the Sea-Houses, as they used to be called, which now constitute the modern watering-place Eastbourne. The trees give the place a *boulevard* appearance, and remind us of continental towns. We admire the large hotels, and hear that a company is engaged with one which is to be much better than all the rest; then we stroll into the reading-rooms and libraries, and inspect the local pictures and photographs; then we go on the terrace to amuse ourselves with the fine company, if the fine company choose to show themselves, and watch the pleasure-boats and fishing-boats. We know full well that in all these gay places there is a neighbourhood which is very much the reverse of gay, the *back quarters*, where the poor and ignorant and depraved congregate together in a mass. We easily found out this department of Eastbourne, stretching far away from the handsome houses and imposing terraces. I am glad to see that they are not left untended, and that there is a new district and church. Behind stretches that part of the beach which is devoted to the building, repairing, and harbourage of boats. It seemed desolate and unattractive enough, owing mainly, I have no doubt, to a drizzling rain which was falling at the time. If we follow the reach of the bay towards Boxhill, we certainly do not enjoy the advantage of pleasant walking. It is a wide-spreading shingly beach, and pieces of wood are laid along it for the convenience of walking. "On this wild beach," says Mr. Knox the naturalist, "the ring-dotterel, or stone-runner, as it is frequently termed, deposits its eggs, which can scarcely be distinguished from the surrounding pebbles; and many species of tern haunt it in great numbers during the summer months. But amid this barren waste, like an oasis in the desert, a cluster of green furze-covered hillocks suddenly appears, intersected with little fresh-water lakes, whose swampy banks, clothed with reeds and rushes, abound during certain seasons with many migratory birds." The fishermen off here are often occupied in lobster-fishing. There are also oyster-beds in the neighbourhood.

The walk to Pevensey is one which the visitor at Eastbourne always feels bound to make. "The archaeologist may enjoy there such a day of dreams and explorations as rarely falls to the lot of the most imaginative of Oldbucks." Pevensey appears to have been the site of the much-contested Roman Anderida. The district around was once a wide bay of the sea, dotted with islands, and is now a green marsh-land. From the old Anderida once stretched inland a wide forest, and skulls of wolves have been found amid the green sandstone. This inland town was once a memorable harbour, and the cliff on which its stately castle stood was washed by the tidal waves. Those whose tastes are rather broadly historical than archaeological will find many interesting associations in Pevensey: they will trace back its fortunes to Norman, Saxon, Roman times. Professor Airey thinks it was here that Julius Cæsar landed; but the same claim has been made for St. Leonards, and, with more probability, for Deal. We know that William the Conqueror landed here. The disembarkation from his vessels is depicted in the famous tapestry at Bayeux, *Hic Willelmus venit*

*ad Pevensam.* When William landed he stumbled and fell on his face. Like the Roman hero, he claimed the accident as a good omen: "I have seized the land with my two hands, and, as much as there is of it, it is ours." Pevensy is still one of the cinque ports, and all its freemen were anciently termed barons. It possesses the right of executing criminals by drowning them in the haven. As we have said, the ancient castle abounds with details of singular interest to the archaeologist; and the church, in the early English style, is also highly interesting.

But Beachy Head is the great lion of Eastbourne. In fact, the people of Eastbourne live and prosper on the strength of Beachy Head. In these modern days beauty of scenery is a decided element in material prosperity, and constitutes an unfailing source of wealth to a locality. This is the case with Beachy Head. It is almost appropriated to, almost a part of, Eastbourne: it is so near, so convenient, so great an attraction. One of the best ways of seeing it is to take a boat at Eastbourne and sail under the chalk cliffs. The bold grandeur of Beachy Head and the surrounding coast is very striking from the sea. From the summit the view extends eastward as far as Hastings, and westward as far as the Isle of Wight. On a clear day the coast of France is visible. The height is five hundred and seventy-five feet above the sea level. This is not so high, however, as the famous Fairlight Down, near Hastings—five hundred and ninety-five feet. Beachy Head was formerly the scene of terrible wrecks. The Sussex people used to regard them as providential occurrences, and made a good thing out of them. This was also the character of the Cornish people. When Pope, in the "Dunciad," drew the fortunes of Sir Balaam, he attributes his rise to two lucky wrecks. As, however, we walk to Beachy Head, projecting into the sea, we perceive the Bell Rock Lighthouse, whose friendly rays, added to improved charts, have saved multitudes of vessels. The headland is the favourite resort of multitudinous wild-fowl. On a lofty ledge near the summit two guardians have reared their nest, and jealously keep watch and ward over the airy keep. "With the exception of a few jackdaws," says Mr. A. E. Knox, "who bustled out of the crevices below, all the other birds, which had now assembled on this part of the coast for the breeding season, it being about the middle of May, seemed to respect the territory of their warlike neighbours. The adjoining precipice, farther westward, was occupied by guillemots and razor-bills, who had deposited their eggs, the former on the naked ledge, the latter in the crevices in the face of the cliff. Here the jackdaws appeared quite at their ease, their loud, merry note being heard above every other sound, as they flew in and out of the fissures in the white rock, or sat perched on a pinnacle near the summit, and leisurely surveyed the busy crowd below.

Close beneath Beachy Head is a curious cavern hollowed out into two compartments. This is popularly known as Parson Darby's Hole. The story goes that this Parson Darby was once vicar of East Dean; that he was a long-suffering man, afflicted with a termagant wife; and that he hollowed out for himself this refuge from her contentious tongue. This was not, however, the sole motive that prompted this singular hermitage. On wild nights at sea the good parson used to kindle a strong light to serve as a guide to storm-tossed sailors. Up the heights the samphire grows in abundance. I do not know if the dreadful trade of the samphire-gatherer is still carried on: I trust not. There is very little now done in the Isle of Wight, where formerly it was common enough. The sight of the samphire was a very welcome one to the shipwrecked sailor. When he gained

the ledges where it hung he knew that he was safe ashore, beyond the reach of the waves. Below the headland is "the Charles Rock." Once there were seven high masses called the "seven Charleses," but they have now all crumbled away except this one. It used to be said in these parts, "When the Charleses wear a cap, the clouds weep." The wild coast, the wild birds, the wilder smugglers, the storms, the wrecks, the hidden caverns, powerfully affect the imagination, and furnish various subjects for poetry, pictures, and romance.

Off Beachy Head is the memorable scene of the disastrous naval battle: it was in the year 1690, perhaps the most troubled and perilous of all the years of King William III. There was the imminent danger both of civil war at home and of invasion from abroad. Orders had been sent to Lord Torrington to give battle to the French fleet under Tonnville. Torrington was very doubtful of the chances of victory. He was afraid of incurring the responsibility. He is suspected of acting very basely. He sent the Dutch ships under his command into action, and supported them most inefficiently with his English ships. The Dutch were defeated, and the English were soon in full retreat. Torrington disgracefully fled along the coast of Kent, and took refuge in the Thames, where, by pulling up all the buoys, he rendered the navigation too dangerous for the enemy to pursue.

Speaking of invasion, the visitant at Eastbourne will notice the circular redoubt here, and also the martello towers, which from here to Hastings appear along the coast at intervals. They were all erected about 1806, at a time when the Government thought it not unlikely that there would be a descent of the French on this part of the coast. The Sussex people rather underrated the strength of these fortifications; and they would not be worth much in the present state of the science of war; but some time ago one of them was taken down, and, from the immense pains necessary for the removal, a better conception was formed of the trouble taken in the construction.

In my wanderings along the Sussex coast and elsewhere I have at times fallen in with the coastguard. I have also fallen in with a missionary, maintained by some good people to visit the coastguard, from time to time and from place to place, in their lonely stations. I have met most intelligent men among them, and, if ever yourself disposed for a conversation, they will be very glad; and it is some variety for them, in a monotonous life, to have a long talk with you. I remember very well one day, having missed my path, coming upon one of the coastguard stations on the summit of a lofty down. It was pleasant to rest at length on the green grass, beneath the soft, feathery, summer sky, looking around on the yellow-blossoming furze, and then on the great and wide sea. A stalwart coastguardsman who with telescope in hand stood beside me, resting on a bit of a wall, beguiled an hour or two of the day by telling me, in vivid, natural language, some of the incidents of his life. A sailor must see a great deal of active service—I think ten years at least—before he receives the promotion of coastguardsman. In what a number of places, all over the world, had that coastguardsman been! few persons fond of travelling have been to so many. But sailors, as a rule, have not much to tell you of the places they visit: sometimes the poor fellows are only allowed to see the land from the deck of their ship. This coastguardsman was particularly struck by the South American ports to which he had been. He, too, had a great deal to tell me about the smuggling which was once carried on to a vast extent along the Sussex coast.

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He could remember some desperate conflicts, where fire-arms and cutlasses were freely used, and more than one person left dead on the spot. The smuggler's trade has become completely baffled, through the courage and determination of the revenue officers. The commercial treaty with France, by the abrogation or reduction of various duties, has gone some way to supersede smuggling; while there is a strong temptation to carry over such contraband goods as brandy and tobacco. At the present day one seldom or ever hears of smuggling. The coastguardsmen seem, therefore, to have little or nothing to do; and I have therefore heard it suggested that they ought to be abolished as a useless institution. But I imagine that if they were abolished there would be a sensible diminution of the revenue. Many would then turn smugglers, who are now deterred by the fear of the coastguard. Their vigilance is unrelenting. My friend told me that he had a list of all the shipping generally to be found in the offing, and that they kept a strict eye on any strange sail coasting the land. The life of the coastguardsman seemed easy and pleasant enough, as in the breezy summer morning he lounged upon the height, and swept the horizon far and wide with his glass. But in the dreary nights of winter, when the hurricane is sweeping over the downs, or the sky is so pitchy dark that the guard can scarcely keep his dangerous path by the direction of the white stones strewn along it, the long hours of the watch form a very real and hard service. I accompanied my friend into his house at dinner-time, and was very glad of the substantial lunch he was able to offer me. With my bread and cold meat he gave me vegetables and pickles, the produce of his own garden, beer of his own making—for which I cannot say much—and home-made wine, which was really very pleasant. His hospitality was free and spontaneous; but I thought it right to make him take a proper remuneration.

As we travel about Sussex from time to time we meet curious resemblances between this coast and that of Normandy. This is especially observable in the little Norman church. Sussex is now purely an agricultural county, somewhat Boetian in character. The diocese of Chichester is exactly commensurate with the county. Formerly, Sussex was famous for iron: the balustrades round St. Paul's Cathedral were made of Sussex iron. In Eastbourne Church is a new peal of bells cast of Sussex iron: they were made at Chiddingley, a village to the north of Eastbourne. Many of the fine sheets of water which adorn the Sussex landscape are originally due to the ironworks, in which the great county families were largely concerned. To those who have some knowledge of natural science, and travel "with eyes," as the saying is, the country round Eastbourne is fruitful in inexhaustible subjects for observation. There are, says one observer, "lines of beauty unequalled except in some island group of the Pacific." The features of mountains and valleys are dependent upon the nature of the rocks which compose them. A man like the late Hugh Miller can tell from the outlines of the mountains the nature of the rocks. The chalk rocks of the Sussex coast swell up from the sea-level some two or three hundred feet high, and, except where they break off in abrupt cliffs facing the sea, are winding, round-topped, and undulating, and their flowing outlines are all carpeted with herbage. And very beautiful on sunny hill-sides is this greensward. It is spangled in sunny braes with white and yellow flowers, and furze-bushes display their golden ornaments. On north-easterly slopes heather varies the green with purple. Bleating flocks of sheep, with civil dogs and friendly shepherds; larks up in the

sky, thrilling their nest-warming mates with carols; linnets and yellow-hammers warbling in the furze, and numbers of yellow and blue moths, animate the downs with life and sound. "Though I have now travelled them for upwards of thirty years," says Gilbert White, "yet I still investigate that chain of majestic mountains with fresh admiration year by year, and I think I see new beauties every time I traverse it." In the chalk have been discovered some hundred species of shells, zoophytes, and fishes. The geology of Sussex is indeed of pre-eminent interest, and has been discussed by various distinguished writers. Mr. Lower has given a simple, vivid picture of the humble villages that nestle at the bases of the hills: they are such as the visitant at Eastbourne will not fail to recognise. "Clusters of lovely habitations, some thatched, some tiled, some abutting the street, some standing angularly towards it, all built of flint or boulders. A barn, a stable, a circular pigeon-house, centuries old, with all its denizens (direct descendants of the old manorial pigeons which lived here in the days of the Plantagenets), and an antique gable or two, peer out among the tall elms."

I have spoken of Pevensey and Beachy Head because, so to speak, they are part and parcel of Eastbourne, the easiest and most natural place from which to visit them. Various other excursions of great interest are made from this place, which I must refrain from discussing. The walk to Wilmington, along the crest of the downs, is very interesting: the remains of the priory, the old church, with the vast yew in the churchyard, well repay the trouble. The opportunity ought certainly to be taken by every visitor of going to Hurstmonceaux, which, indeed, might well require a separate paper. I will only mention one further place. A day or two after I left Eastbourne I was at Newhaven. It is the port of Eastbourne and the port of a great many other places besides, for it is the only one between Portsmouth and the Downs. I have been there on several occasions, and each time have been more and more penetrated with its ugly and desolate appearance. It is on the line of a very direct and cheap route between London and Paris, and would well repay a considerable measure of improvement. Louis Philippe and his queen landed here in 1848 in an open boat, disguised as Mr. and Mrs. Smith. The king, who had been for some time concealed, was under the impression that the republican government in Paris wished to apprehend him, which appears to have been very far from the case. The village of Newhaven is about a mile from the harbour. Mr. Lower points out that its church has a curious resemblance to that of Granville-sur-Seine—one of those Norman resemblances to which we have alluded.

#### BARKER'S MEWS.

BARKER'S MEWS is situated in the rear of a tall and substantial row of houses which once were the abodes of the nobles, the fashionables, the statesmen, and the courtiers of the day. But that was at a time now considerably remote—a time when London did not extend very far beyond the limits of the City proper; when there were bars at Holborn Bars; when Temple Bar was not an architectural, but a toll-keeper's obstruction; and when Bishopsgate, Cripplegate, and other such-like boundaries to the City precincts, could close the route against intruders, and collect dues for the right of entry. They were the days when green fields and meadows spread their peaceful landscape between Fleet Street and the village of Charing, and semi-rural seats and



summer-houses dotted sparingly the picturesque Strand, or shore of the river. At that period Barker's Mews was a mews, and nothing else; its long, straight, and narrow avenue was flanked on either hand by stables, with their hay and corn lofts above; and at its western end stood a farrier's shop and blacksmith's forge, where, there being no veterinary surgeons in those days, horses were physicked as well as shod, and where a broken axle-tree or failing spring could at least be temporarily repaired, if not forged anew.

But revolving time, which has done so many things besides, has altered the aspect and character of the mews, until it retains little beyond the name to connect it with the place of former days. The stables have not all disappeared, it is true, though the wealthy occupants of the noble dwellings to which they were attached have all taken flight generations ago, and their place is now filled by a class who, so far from keeping chariots and horses, have to fight a hard battle behind their counters, in order to scrape together the rent which must be paid as quarter-day comes round. The mews is now populous with a struggling class of veritable hard-workers—men, women, ay, and children too—who have to maintain a hand-to-hand combat with the wolf of adversity, in order to beat him off. Of the few stables which yet remain, nearly all are leased by cab-drivers, who store, not their corn and hay—their horses, like themselves, living from hand to mouth—but their families, in the lofts above, which they have partitioned off into living and sleeping rooms, and to which access is obtained by rude flights of wooden steps ascended outside the tenement. The dwellers in these upper regions are exceedingly numerous, mainly owing to the abnormal number of children born in the mews, who in fine weather literally swarm over its whole area, and who seem to present a striking proof of the doctrine advanced by Mr. Doubleday, that, whatever may be the effects of uncleanness and foul air, they are at least no bar to fecundity. Beneath the windows of these up-stairs tenements the stable refuse accumulates all the week long, until it is carted away by the market-gardeners on the Saturday. The fragrance it diffuses might be thought obnoxious to comfort; but the denizens will tell you, perhaps, that they have got "manured" to it by habit, and suffer no inconvenience by it.

Many of the cabmen's wives are laundresses, and you see them standing at their tubs by their open windows, labouring from morn till night; though, when the weather is fine and warm, they will bring their tubs down into the open air, and wash in general synod. Their talk is loud and impressive, and animated controversies arise from time to time, occasionally rendered more emphatic by the sudden discharge of a bowl of suds at a dissenting opponent, and the return of the argument with compound interest. As a rule, however, quarrels are avoided, the parties finding it to their interest to live in peace, especially with their opposite neighbours: between those who live face to face, indeed, there is usually quite an *entente cordiale*, the bands of which are drawn tight by the clothes-lines stretched from one window to the other for their mutual accommodation. The character of the linen purified in the mews is not of a fashionable or refined description; but on that subject we need not descend to particulars.

We intimated that stables in the mews are now comparatively few; and in fact a good part of the various premises have been seized upon for industrial and manufacturing purposes. In some places four or five of the quondam stables have been deprived of their walls of separation, and, with their corresponding lofts above,

have been transformed into magazines and workshops. There is one of huge extent devoted to the fabrication of all kinds of cheap furniture, the logs of pine and mahogany being sawn up and cut out on the ground-floor, and finished off on the floor above. The men who labour at this craft work as much out of doors as possible, and it is only a downfall of rain which sends them in. Another establishment is that of a cooper, who transforms waggon-loads of staves into ship-loads of casks, and whose men, numbering some half-score, are busy at the transformation from one year's end to the other. The sound of their tools is perpetual, and regular as the ticking of a clock, within the working hours, and its cessation is a note of warning to all around that the hour for some meal has struck. They enliven the place by their flying clouds of chips; they gladden the hearts of the children by the little bonfires they make in the insides of their casks, to shrink them before hooping; and they are in favour with the mews people in general, because they supply fire-lighting material on easy, almost nominal terms. The wheelwright has his workshop next to the cooper; and he, too, whenever he is spoke-shaving the stubborn ash wood, or cutting holes in an axle for the reception of the spokes, prefers to work out of doors, where he is the centre of an admiring crowd of urchins, all ready to do his bidding, so long as he does not bid them be off, which they would not do for any consideration short of an actual bribe. Next to the wheelwright's there is a tenement which ought to be a stable, but is not, and which never shows anything but closed doors, come when you may. It might pass for unoccupied, but for the dolorous sounds which emanate from it at intervals all too frequent. These are the moans, the whinings, the snaps, short, quick barks, deep growls, and sometimes the prolonged howlings, of imprisoned dogs. To a stranger there is something mysterious and uncanny in these sounds, coupled with the fact that it is very seldom that any one is seen to go in or come out of the place. But do not be alarmed: this secluded, undemonstrative abode is a dog hospital, where canine patients of every social rank are received to undergo the curative treatment they require. If we were privileged to enter, we should see them confined in separate wards, for appropriate treatment, each with his pan of water and bed of straw. We should also learn, on inquiry, that they are well attended to; that they are cleaned and littered down every night, and fed with a hearty supper; and that every morning the undiplomaed professor pays them all a visit, and administers the medicaments they need. Dogs of high, as well as curs of low degree, find their way to this infirmary; and in extraordinary cases, when valuable lives are at stake, we have known a consultation of dog physicians to be held at the "Star and Tankard" (which is the mews public-house, and stands at its eastern end), to determine the measures to be adopted as a last resource.

We believe that the dog doctor is the only professional man who practises in the mews: there are other industrials, however, upon whom we might dwell if space permitted. Thus, there is the little dairy, which sports its pan of cream and pat of butter in the one small window; which keeps its own "cow with the crumpled horn," a forlorn-looking creature, who, in default of customers at home, is led forth into the neighbouring streets and squares, and milked at people's doors, a gill at a time, till her udders are exhausted, when she is allowed to return to her prison. There is the pigeon-fancier, a drunken, whistling fellow, who flies tumblers by day and drains tumblers by night. There is a turner, who

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stands behind a dusty window tread-milling away at his lathe, and turning nothing but pill-boxes from January to December. There is a small bookbinder always hammering or ploughing away at books, which somebody else has to gild and finish. And there are a man and his wife, who weave cane bottoms to chairs, but who are so poor or so improvident that they have not a chair of their own to sit upon.

There is one prominent personage in the mews, however, who must not be dismissed too summarily, and that is Mrs. Macmuller, who lives in the tall house in the centre of the north side—a house which is supposed to have been inhabited originally by the master of the mews, and which never was, therefore, a stable. The house is now a lodging-house, and Mrs. Mac. is the landlady. She was formerly a shopkeeper in the adjoining grand street, but, having come down in the world through the hardness of the times, she transferred her household gods to the mews, where she was favourably received, and where she is held in a sort of tacit respect, as imparting to the locality a savour of gentility. It is whispered that, though she calls herself *Mrs.* Macmuller, there never was such a person as the implied Mr. Macmuller in existence, and that she has assumed the conjugal prefix as being better sounding than the one to which she is entitled, and more likely to shield her from disrespect. Be that as it may, she has a claim to our good word, because, in the exercise of her function as landlady, she has used the influence that function gave her to a good purpose. Her lodgers are principally the young fellows who work at the different trades carried on in the mews. Most of them came to her as wild, thoughtless, improvident fellows, more or less addicted to the public-house, and fond of the excitement of a row. Most single women would have been cowed by such a household, but not so Mrs. Mac. She took them in hand with a tight rein, and, by mingled kindness and severity, and by expelling such as were refractory, succeeded in reducing them to order, and to a liking for the decencies and proprieties of life. There are now over a dozen lodgers in her house; and, though they all work for weekly wages, there is not one of them who has not an account at the savings-bank, or who does not apply some portion of his leisure in acquiring knowledge. It was very different ten years ago, when the widow Brady had the house. A more worthless and riotous set of fellows than her lodgers could not be found anywhere.

Going out of the mews at its western end, we cannot help noticing the barber's shop at the corner, where the experienced Pringle has practised the peaceful art of shaving, man and boy, as he likes to phrase it, for over forty years, and has lived to witness its decline. His little shop, which seems to grow smaller every time we look in at it, stands exactly at the angle, and has one small window in the mews, the other, still smaller, facing the lane which leads into the main street; thus stretching out one hand to his private patrons, and the other to the public at large. Pringle's practice is considerably reduced, in this age of beards on young chins; and though he does not complain—for he is above that—his conversation at times betrays his conviction that he has fallen undeservedly upon evil days; and, perhaps, if you watched him attentively, you might perceive something like a scowl on his countenance, as he sees the stout fellows in long black beards marching past, whose noses he is no longer privileged to take between his finger and thumb. For our part, we confess that it is painful to witness the shifts to which the simple old soul is reduced to keep his head above water in these non-shaving days. He has taken to dealing in birds—sparrows, chaffinches,

bullfinches, larks, and siskins; he has a little sty of guinea-pigs, a stock of dormice, and two or three squirrels in roley-poley cages, for all of which he would be glad of a customer. Then he keeps fowls, whom he allows the free run of the mews, and who can there pick up a living at small expense to him, and whose new-laid eggs, especially if the hens have the wit to lay in winter, will fetch him a thumping price. We trust the old fellow will not be altogether cast upon the shallows in his old days, but that his various attempts to win an honest penny may prove so far successful as to supply his modest wants.

The aspect of Barker's Mews is not unpleasant on a fine sunny day, when one turns suddenly into it from the crowded, roaring thoroughfare. The groves of drying linen hanging out aloft give it a cool look; while the workmen are pursuing their respective callings, the pigeons are darting about above, the fowls clucking and pecking below, and the swarms of children are playing about and mingling their infant voices with the din of industrial labour. But we never pass the place at such a season without remembering what a different appearance it bore in the cholera year, 1849, when twelve of the denizens of the mews died in one house in one week; when the carpenter, who was singing at his bench in the morning, and gave us the good-day as we passed, was a corpse before night; when numbers, especially of the children, perished; and when every heart in the place was cowed with fear of the pestilence.

#### THE LIQUEFACTION OF THE BLOOD OF SAINT JANUARIUS.

THE firing of a royal salute, as I sat one morning at breakfast in Naples, was in itself an event sufficient to excite my curiosity. I was for a time unable to account for the phenomenon. Summoning the aid of a Neapolitan, I inquired what the cause of all the firing was. To which he replied, with a pitying look for my ignorance, "*Eccellenza, il sangue, il miracolo.*" The truth now dawned on me in full force: it was Saint Januarius' Day; the liquefaction had taken place, and the occurrence of the yearly miracle was announced to the Neapolitan faithful by the salvo I had just heard. Knowing that the miracle would keep, and that the sight of the mysterious liquid, believed, on the testimony of its clerical guardians, to be human blood, and still more that of the saint in question, might be seen with equal advantage a couple of hours after the salute as at the moment of its being fired, I quietly finished my breakfast. Then from Santa Lucia I passed up by the Largo del Palazzo, and, taking a cab from the stand opposite the "*Caffe di Europa*," fell into a carriage procession, which slowly proceeded along the right margin of the Strada Toledo.

This street, narrow at best, becomes more than ever impassable on all occasions of popular excitement. The carriages are then always present in greater numbers; and this fact, coupled with the practice of allowing newsmen and itinerant traders of all sorts to set up their standings along either side of the street, and even on the side-paths, makes a drive through the Via Toledo a very slow affair. As the train of carriages going up the streets keeps the right side, and that coming down the left, there is not the dead-locking and fouling each other that might otherwise be expected: there is, however, an occasional *contre-temps* when some horse in the middle of the long line takes it into his head not to proceed any farther, and by a sudden halt brings all the

others behind him on their haunches, some of them getting contused noses in the operation. When a driver has been ordered to stop at any particular place, he usually gives notice of his intention by a violent cracking of his whip, a signal pretty generally understood amongst the confraternity. Thus he does not cause more than a moment's delay; and, as the Neapolitan whips all drive well, the lost time is speedily recovered. I must not, however, omit to mention the very frequent falling of the horses, and the confusion occasioned thereby. The fact is, many of the one-horse cabs are drawn by very wretched specimens of the equine race, animals whose sustenance has been principally a rough, coarse, stalky grass, filling at the price, but containing little nourishment. Now, on a diet like this a horse will indeed for a time exist, but that it will constantly draw a cab at the same time is to expect too much; and the consequence is, that the wretched brutes—examples of demonstrative anatomy, or rather of anatomy not needing any demonstration—stumble on the slippery pavement, and, finally falling from sheer weakness, in many instances die there; though they are more frequently whipped by their inhuman drivers until, goaded beyond endurance, they make one or two convulsive struggles, and succeed in recovering their feet. To re-harness the jaded animal is the work of a few minutes, all unemployed coachmen near lending a hand; and when this is finally accomplished, the harness, meanwhile, being tied in several places with pieces of cord, the route is once more pursued. I lately rode in one of these vehicles from the mole to the post-office, and scarcely had we started before the driver came to a sudden halt, owing to one of the traces becoming loose. Dismounting, he commenced a rather discursive search after the tongue of a buckle that had fallen out, and, this found, it was quickly adjusted. I supposed we were now at length all right; but a fallacious hope it proved, as the same accident again occurred shortly after, and necessitated a fresh delay; after which we, with some difficulty and no little apprehension, reached the desired goal in time to anticipate the departure of the Marseilles mail-bags. But I fear some impatient reader will be inclined all this time to regard me as being as discursive in my account of the miracle as the poor cabman was in his search after the missing buckle-tongue.

After some twenty minutes we reached the square open space opposite the Jesuits' College, a building now much more usefully employed for the public as a military hospital. Passing this, it was the work of a few seconds to enter an archway on the same side, and thence to dive into a series of narrow, dirty streets, bounded on either hand by tall, gloomy houses. And now, as but little variety presented itself, I shall take the liberty of hastening at once over the intervening space, and suppose myself arrived at the entrance of the Chiesa di San Gennaro, a spacious edifice, the approach to which is by a flight of stone steps. The entrance is lofty, and the interior of vast extent. Large as this church is, it annually witnesses the assemblage of vast crowds on the 19th of September, to witness the exhibition of the liquefied blood of the patron saint of Naples. In one such crowd I was soon absorbed, pressing, like those around me, eagerly to the front, in order to have a good view of the evidences of this so-called stupendous miracle. A short time spent in the throng sufficed to show me the utter hopelessness of making my way to the front; so, as soon as this fact had painfully impressed itself upon me, I withdrew. Skirting the outside border of the assemblage, I soon neared the eastern extremity of the building, where I found a sentry of the National Guard

posted, in charge of an iron wicket opening into the chancel, a space preserved for the Neapolitan *élite*. On representing to the functionary in question that I was a foreigner, he at once communicated with the officer of the guard, who then kindly gave permission to me and a few other Englishmen to enter. The gate was immediately closed after us, and we were safe from all the unpleasant consequences of being held fast in the centre of a continental crowd.

Pausing for a moment to survey the scene that now met my downward gaze—for I was standing on a platform raised within the chancel—I beheld a mixed multitude densely packed on either side of a barrier of rope, which, being tightly drawn, left a clear space aisled off in the centre, to and fro in which were persons passing, as they either went towards or returned from a group of priests standing at the extreme end. Perceiving at once by this, as well as by the direction thither of the eyes of the multitude on either side, that the chief attraction, and in all probability the miracle itself, was there being exhibited, I resolved to descend from my eminence and make my way towards the spot whither all eyes were so eagerly turned. Leaving the chancel, I proceeded downwards and onwards till I at length reached the clerical group above mentioned. The most remarkable figures amongst them were two priests, one of whom held a lighted wax candle (for what purpose will be mentioned presently), and the other a pyx, something similar to those in use in Romish countries for holding the consecrated wafer. The pyx in question, however, was formed with the usual radiating border of silver, whilst its centre was hollow, and covered with a crystal front and back. In the interior of this pyx were fixed two bottles; the one long and finger-shaped, the other in form like that of a flattened globe, or modern scent-flask. In each of these was a dark-reddish liquid, apparently of a thick consistency, the fluidity of which was proved by the priest who held it tilting the pyx from time to time on either side, his companion meanwhile holding the wax candle behind it, in order to prove the reality of its being a fluid that was in the bottle. As "the faithful" advanced, they knelt before the officiating priests, one of whom pressed the wondrous pyx to the lips, forehead, and breast of each in turn, but merely going through the motions in case of the devotee belonging to the poorer classes, and then passing on to the next in succession. As I did not belong to the same persuasion as the exhibitors, they did not attempt to thrust "religion" on me, but were satisfied with exhibiting the undoubted fluidity of the contents of the pyx, after which I retraced my steps, by no means satisfied that what I had seen was blood, or, still less, human blood, and, least of all, that of Saint Januarius. Some say the *quasi* miracle is performed by the chemical compound being acted on by heat. It occurred to me, however, that a much simpler solution might be found, in having two pyxes, duplicates, one containing a solid and the other a liquid compound, the former remaining for exhibition all the year round, and the latter presented once a year as its substitute. This would be a mere adaptation of a well-known juggler's trick, with duplicate boxes and bags. A stranger, in beholding the scene I have described, could not fail to be struck with the awed look of the people present; an impression that the loss of his pocket-handkerchief or cigar-case would afterwards considerably modify.

Although it may take several generations to raise the population of Naples from the degradation of centuries of political misrule and religious imposture, it is gratifying to know that Christian efforts are now at work, with encouraging results.



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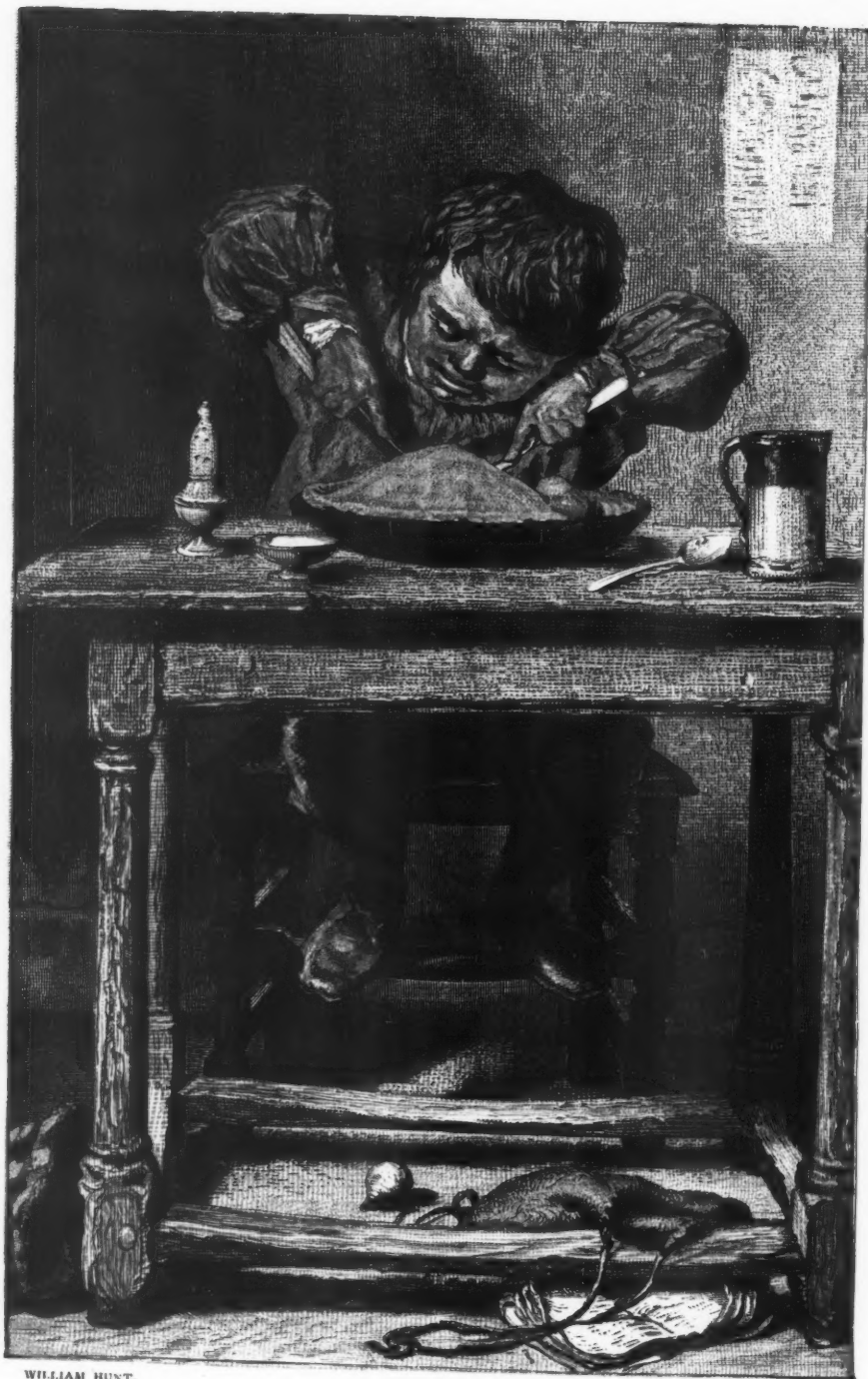












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